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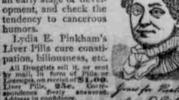
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mors from the uterus in an early stage of devel-opment, and check the tendency to cancerous



By "The Duchess," CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED. "Mr. Eyre? I'm not thinking of

"Of who then, darlin'?"
"Sir Ralph," faintly.

"Arrah, nonsense! sure you know he'll giver hear of it!" says nurse, who, after all, in spite of her many good

"He will know; he shall know!" says her young mistress, springing to her

"Eh?" Mrs. Driscoll regards her with apprehension; what does she mean now? "Sit down; you're tired, Miss Duicie, dear." says she, with all the air of one trying to eajole an angry child.

"I shall tell him!" says Dulcie with determination.

"Faix, you won't," says Mrs. Driscoll. "Tis mad ye are just now, but when morain' comes, an' I ve a talk at ye agin, ye'll know where yer right

"Oh, to-morrow,' says Dulcie with a grean; "do you know he is coming to dinner to-morrow? Father asked him and -but perhaps he will get out of it now. He hates me; I know that; I've reasons for knowing it."

"Raysons!" There isn't a rayson in ye," says Mrs. Driscoll, with supreme ye, says are. Princed, contempt. "As if any one, with an eye that wasn't yours, couldn't see that he just delights in the sight o' ye, that he just delights in the sight o' ye. Why 'twas only yesterday I overheard

yer father sayin—"
"Oh, father!" impatiently. "Father
wants me to think as you do. By-thebye, Bridget," turning a frightened face to her nurse, "what of father? Where is he? what did he say? was he asking for me? is he very angry?" "Wisha, me dear, he knows nothin'

"No'er a ha'porth. By all the luck o' the world Micky Flynn took to nightin' again this evenin' shortly afther you—wint for yer walk—and the divir's own thrade he made of it. It appears that he an' Danny Murphy wint at it tooth an' nail down in the village below, all about nothin' but that ould ancient goose as Danny sould to Mrs. Flynn for a shillin' (an' faix, between ourselves, Miss. it was — ould), an Mickey let into his skin like mad, an' Danny is now iyin' kilt below in his cabin, wid his wife screechin' over him like a burn't

"Not dead!" horror-stricken.

"Oh, no, me dear! just a rib or two; but 'twas a most marciful occurrence. You see, they sint for the masther at once, an' down he wint to Dan's house,

"Oh! ' says Dulcinea, with a long sigh of intense relief. So much will be spared her, at all events.

"I've had a grudge against Flynn or ten year." says Mrs. Driscoll. 'He once promised to marry my sis-er's cousin's nephew by marriage, an' he niver got as far as the aither; but I forgive him now. He's done a good ob for ye this night. And now, dariint, won't ye let me undhress ye, an' put ye to bed? You're worn out. I can see it. An' a posched egg an' a cup o' tay, that'll be the revivin' of ye. I'll bring it up to ye whin yer un-dressed. Ye'll sleep alsy afther it."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Is there no place Left for repentance none for pardon left?"

"My life's a load."

But in spite of the poached egg and the tea, Dulcinea hardly slept at all. There was half an hour here and there of broken slumber, in which uncomfortable dreams had full sway, to the greater destroying of her peace when awakening from them; but beyond that she lay all night with open eyes, thinking unhappy things, and crying inwardly, with great longings for the

And at last it comes, reluctantly, as all winter mornings come, having no light of life to warm them. The sun for them lies dend. He may be there. somewhere, but his glory is denied them. A dull, cloudy, gray, tacitura day makes clear the window panes to Dulcinea-so silent so devoid of sound is it. indeed, that one might almost think of nature as lying in her shroud.

A shroud typical! Outside, all the world is swathed in a white shoot—the garb of death. During the night the oft flake had fallen, silently, steadily, and now branch and leaf are laden with them. There had been snow bebut nothing like this. And still It falls.

"Through the husbed air the whitening shower descends. At first thin, wavering, till at last the

flakes
Fall broad and white and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow."

Dulcinea's first thought on seeing

ing her down. Oh, he must come! He must! How can she live with this burden on her mind? She will confess all to him, will tell him everything; will open to him the way to rid himself honorably of her-to put an end to his hated engagement. All day she wanders aimlessly from

room to room, longing for, whilst freading, the bour that sha'l tell her if he is or is not coming. Toward five o'clock she finds herself in the schoolroom once again, and sinking into a chair rests her elbows on her knees

and lets her lovely, disconsolate face fall into her little chilly paims.

Five! If coming, he will be here in three-quarters of an hour. The snow is still falling, heavily, steadily. No one co ld go out on such a night unless compelled; and he-why, no doubte to will be glad of the excuse to keep away. And yet something within her

whispers he will come.

Three-quarters of an hour! It must be a great deal less than that now. Raising her eyes to the clock, she is astonished to find it is only three minutes less. What on earth is the matter with that old clock? She taps It—listens; no, it is going as methodically as ever. Will a quarter to six ever

some? In is sure to arrive then. The McDermot dining always at six sharp, and being seriously annoyed if a guest is not on the spot some time before-hand. How often she and Ra-Sit Ralph had laughed over that little cocentricity of his.

A sound in the firelit room behind her makes her spring to her feet. Ob no! not yet! Not until she has grasped the back of the chair and has learned that the incomer is Andy, does she know that she is trembling from head sing on his job. to foot and that her lips have grown so cold-so horridly cold.

"My word! you're growing active in your old age," says Mr. McDermot, advancing cheerfulty to the fire and poking it into a glorious blaze. "As a traveling acrobat you'd make your fortune. What makes you bounce out or your chair like that? Guilty con-science, ch?" with a grin, "And I say! What a swell you are! Put on all that toggery to fascinate Anketell over I declare, Dulcie, you're the biggest flirt I ever met. You are hardly off with the new lover before you want to be on with the old."

"I don't want to be on wih anybody," says Dulcinea, crimsoning with shame and indignation. "It's a hor-rid old gown, and you know it. You've seen it fifty times if once. If you've come here only to torment me—only to Cures Salt-Rhenn. Scrofula. Erysipelas. —to—make a fool of yourself, I hope faction or no pay. At all druggists. 25c.

"I merely" (pulling up his cost and preparing to warm bimself properly at 30 not know the Lord. the fire) "made the remark that you were distinctly good to look at. Now anyone who can manage to look well in a gown fifty times old must be a lovely girl indeed. See? It was a week, you can see how to obtain these compliment, my dear girl; why, then, extrem a see how to obtain these compliment, my dear girl; why, then, prizes. this ungrateful virulence?

"Stuff!" says his cousin, with increasing ingratitude. The fact is, she new their strength. had had something on her mind when dressing, something that led to a desiru to look her best before Sir Ralph tilli's Pile Founde is guaranteed to give on this—last even ug. For that it salisfaction, or the price paid for it will be would be his last me her finned seems undoubted to her. It was an old gown she doaned, a shabby little b ack seems but the square in front showed.

At all druggists. undoubted to her. It was an old gown she donned, a shabby little back gown; but the square in front showed a lovely neck that gleamed whiter and more lovely than the snow outside, and the soft, bare arms that feel at her side as she gazed at herself in the glass worked wonders with the abelent

Mr McDermot, unmoved by her last remark, drops leisurely on to the fen-

"I way, Dulcie, how did you and he get on last evening?"
"About as badly as you can imag-

"Imagination is not my strong point," says Mr. McDermot, modestly, peaking the truth for once in his life. About ho v badly, now?"

· Weil. I have known him for twelve long months, and never, never in all that time was he so-so abominable to.

"Abominable!" - angrily - "If

thoug t-''
"Oh, no!" shaking her charming head so that the firelight flickers from her long lashes, to the little soft natural fluff of hair that blows across her forehead. "Not abom nable in that way. He was quite polite-hate-fully polite; never speaking a word or

"How the deuce could you know whether he was smili g or not-the night was as black as soot?" "At first! Not after! I saw well

enough. And besides, his voice would tell you he wasn't smiling." "I dare say it was you who wasn't smiling."

"Oh! of course you are sure to put me in the wrong, whether or no. very pretty quarrel is here spoiled b. one of the combatants giving in.
"Never mind that," says he.

you mean to tell me he-was-wellwasn't like what a fellow engaged to The Only One Ever Printed -- Can You you should be?"

"Oh no; indeed he wasn't!" (emphatically). "He was downright brusque. He—he quite ordered me to put my hands under the rug!" "And you obeyed?"

"Well-er-yes. D'- (shamefacedly) "I-he was so cross, I thought

perhaps I had better." "I can't understand it," says Andy, wrinkling up his brows (these are so low that it doesn't take a second to do it), "Dulcie!" (turning to her in a rather tragic way), 'do you think you were right after all-that he was there. I mean? that he saw you

and-and that other fellow?" "No" (dejectedly). "Oh no" (hanging her pretty) head so low that even a Parnellite might feel sore for "The fact is, Andy, that he hates me."

"He hates me!" repeated she, with rising strength that is strong through

its grief. 'That's all." "And enough, too," says Mr. Mc-Dermot. "Only," drawing himself up, "I don't believe it."
"It's true for all that" (forlornly).
I've known it for a long time. After

"Why should he?" says Andy vigorously. "Why, look here; you're as nice a girl as I know anyway! Oh, go to the deuce?" says Mr. McDermot, as if addressing some imaginary person at the end of the room. "D'ye think I can't see? I tell you this, Dulcie,

he'll find it hard to get as good as "Ah. Andy! what a dear you are!" says his cousin, and bursts out crying.
"But I tell you it's true for all that,"
says she, sobbing. "He hates me—he
does really, and when he comes tonight I shall tell him all about it, and

set him free." "Free from his engagement with You can't see as clearly as I do. Andy; and I know he will be delighted to get a chance of saying good-by to

me forever." "You mean to say that you are going to tell him?" Mr. McDermot is gazing at her with distended eyes. "Yes, just that. I can't live with this

secret on my mind. And it is dishon-orable too, Andy; you must see that. If he knew that I—that I—once even, once thought of—Oht," miserally "it is very hard to say it. But you know.

don't you?".
"Yes, I know." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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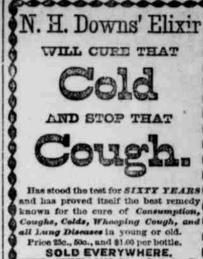
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